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A FRAGMENT

WHEN Sir George Jessel was made a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, according to immemorial custom his arms were required to be painted up in the Inn. Sir George claimed none, and used none, so the painter-tradesman who had to put them up called on the Judge to make inquiries, and asked what family Sir George belonged to. "My people were Polish Jews." This answer did not seem hopeful, but, nothing daunted, the painter asked who Sir George's father was. "He was in the cheap jewellery trade. He had no arms." "Who was your grandfather?" "Well, he was born in Poland, and, starting with old clothes, he arrived through cheap umbrellas at jewellery." "And your great-grandfather?" "Young man, it seems to me that the farther we go back the worse we are off. Don't you think you had better leave it alone?" "Then, Sir George, I'm afraid the only thing we can do is to make some up." "Very well, then, make them up. They will be just the same as everybody else's."

From The Candid Friend, London.

TWO TREES

Said the ivy:—In serpent-wise
I twine about and reach forth on every hand:
I climb, I descend, I insinuate myself slowly,
Always in search of life hidden and new.

Nothing can resist my determined progress.
I seek in lowest depths all in darkness
To make more perfect the verdure, to sing
The luminous life. I am Love.—

The cypress responded:—Slowly
I lift myself to the azure heavens,
And kiss the sun which whispers hotly
The anguish that is the harvest of the soul.

I neither descend nor insinuate myself: I aspire
To heights unknown, I beat at the doors of heaven,
And breathe forth my soul
Toward the sea of the infinite. I am Death.—

ATTILIO SCARPA.
From Il Corriere, Milan.
(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)